

The Ad-Visor

Conducted by Samuel Hopkins Adams.

This department is devoted to separating the sheep of advertising from the goats—and hanging a bell on the goats. It deals with a very serious topic in a way that is not too serious. Its honest endeavor will be to answer with fairness, either in print, or where that is inexpedient, by private letter, all fair questions about advertisements, while reserving the right to plead ignorance when that is the right answer. It asks nothing for its services except the confidence of its correspondents in giving their names and addresses, a confidence which will never be violated. Please state clearly whether you prefer to have your name withheld from answers printed here. No unsigned communications will be read. Address: The Ad-Visor, The Tribune, New York.

Quoting from the Ad-Visor: "Once more the Demon Rum rises to disturb our Ad-Visor's calm and once again the Ad-Visor is constrained to state that the concern of this column is with the honesty and reliability of advertisements and not with questions of public policy outside of that range."

Very good! But why should the Ad-Visor be limited to that concern? Can it afford to go no further? It seems to me that the arguments that the Budapest people put forth are infinitely more dangerous to the credulous than fake ads that merely affect the pocketbooks. Until the policy of The Tribune takes in a larger scope, I fear the people will look upon it as simply a revolutionary policy to attract attention instead of a true solicitation for the public's welfare.

H. F. OSBORN.

"Why should the Ad-Visor be limited to that concern?" For the same reason that a jeweler doesn't sell pickles or a lawyer practise astrology. Our correspondent's error lies in the assumption that this department and The Tribune are identical and co-extensive in scope. They are not. The Tribune may properly treat of the liquor question, politics, suffrage, the war, Shakespeare and the musical glasses, shoes and ships and sealing wax, and cabbages and kings. The Ad-Visor's business is advising upon advertisements and advertised goods. It intends to mind its business steadfastly.

I thought you would be interested in the enclosed clipping from "The Elmira Star Gazette." This is a method of taking advantage of our material on the part of a medical quack which is, so far, new to us. The main article is one of those that we have been preparing every week and sending out to the newspapers. This particular article was published in "The Press Bulletin" of January 23, 1915. Six months later the Elmira paper uses the article to carry the last paragraph advertising the "German-American Medical Institute."

Executive Secretary of the American Society for the Control of Cancer.

It happens that, as a trustee of the American Society for the Control of Cancer, I know something of the unselfish volunteer work that goes into its campaign of popular education. To have its labor of love turned to the uses of one of the most vicious forms of quackery, as is done by "The Elmira Star Gazette" in partnership with the notorious itinerant German-American Medical Institute, is a flagrant instance of what Kipling may well have had in mind when he wrote:

"If you can bear to have the words you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools."

In this case the offence is aggravated in the garbling of the extract by the omission of an important part which would not have suited the purposes of quackery.

Another instance of malversation of public health educational literature appears in the following advertisement from "The Business Promoter" of the Jersey City Printing Company:

"To manufacturers of bona fide cough remedies, tonic builders, ventilating or sanitary devices. The official notice postcards and booklets used in a national crusade against tuberculosis are available for discreetly identifying with your product and distributed effectively in localities throughout the country. Address 'T. B.'"

Every year the national, state and local societies for the prevention of tuberculosis, as well as the various boards of health, issue a large amount of literature, instructing the public in the prevention and treatment of the Great White Plague. To use this matter, much of which is given out free of charge and paid for by private subscription, for the exploitation of worthless nostrums—for the words "bona fide" may be taken with a very large grain of salt—is the ingenious scheme of the Jersey City Printing Company, offering its services over the suggested signature "T. B." The matter which they have to offer is the educational material formerly used in its invaluable nation-wide crusade by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis and now in the possession of the printing firm, who now propose to turn it over for a consideration, to be employed "discreetly" by some worthless nostrum. For all nostrums are worthless in tuberculosis. Thus is the ammunition of the public health crusade turned over to the enemy.

It occurs to me that the enclosed clipping may be of interest to you. It is a clipping from "Engineering News" concerning the University of Pittsburgh's advertising methods.

The clipping deals with a leaflet bearing the imprint of the University of Pittsburgh School of Engineering and is entitled "Why I Am an Engineer." The first reason given is as follows:

"Because the members of the engineering profession are well paid. The average salary of engineers twenty years after graduation from an engineering school is \$10,000 a year."

Shades of Croesus! Ten thousand a year average! Why isn't every one an engineer, or on the way to become one, particularly as the leaflet goes on to say that "the demand for good engineers is increasing faster than the supply"? Unfortunately for the advertising institution, "Engineering News" brings the cold logic of statistics to bear upon this too bright vision of wealth and shows that the average earnings of even the picked men of the profession after twenty years' experience are less than \$5,000 a year. Furthermore it declares that the supply of good engineers is now much in excess of the demand. "False and misleading" is the painful language employed by "Engineering News" in characterization of the advertisement. If the medium quoted is correct—and its figures appear to be "non-reversible"—the University of Pittsburgh seems to be in the business of obtaining students under false pretences. At a time when practical and supposedly unidealistic business men are devoting their best thought and energies to putting the practice of advertising on a sound and honorable basis it is somewhat discouraging to detect one of our institutions of the higher learning in the perpetration of claims which would better fit a "blue sky" mining company or a school for the teaching of aviation by mail.

Will you kindly give me your opinion of the truss advertised in periodicals and the enclosed booklet, and oblige.

C. H. M.

With pleasure. The Schilling Rupture Lock is a dangerous appliance. So is any truss which is not fitted to the patient on the basis of expert personal diagnosis. A man can no more repair a rupture by mail than he can repair a watch over the telephone. Nearly three-fourths as many people die of strangulated hernia, according to the New York State statistics, as die of appendicitis. And one of the fertile causes of strangulated hernia is misfit trusses. The man who submits himself to the Schilling Rupture Lock or any other similar device furnished for self-adjustment is tempting disaster.

I thought the enclosed clipping might be of interest to you. The laws of this state make it possible for us to prosecute these merchants for fraudulent merchandising, and we were the first to start proceedings. You will notice by the clipping that we were successful in getting a conviction.

Z. Z. JACKSON.

So do the laws of New York State make it possible to prosecute fraudulent merchants. But the honest merchants of New York City are apparently not as alive to the opportunities thus afforded as are those of Chicago. In an interview, Mr. Jackson, who is president of the Men's Purchasing Goods Association, thus tersely puts the case in commenting upon the conviction of a local dealer in men's furnishings who advertised as "75 cent and 50 cent" hosiery worth not more than 25 cent.

"Such firms make the public suspicious of all merchandising. When a man sees 75 cent socks placarded at 19 cents he gets an entirely false idea of the haberdasher's profits, and his confidence in retail business usually suffers. We're going to drive such merchants out of business and keep them out. Chicago can't afford to have such men doing business here."

Can New York? Is there no organization of retailers here powerful, courageous and clean-handed enough to drive out of business fake haberdashers, and fearlessly investigate the "Madison Toggeries," the Finkelstein-Willards and the Liberman-Forsyth of local trade?

Resinol, Poslam and Cuticura promise much. Are their claims based on reputable prescriptions or pipe dreams? Are they harmful to the skin?

A. J. G.

Cuticura and Resinol are ointments with some remedial properties. The claims made for them with respect to skin diseases have been exaggerated.

LIVES OF FOUR SAVED AT BRINK OF 80-FOOT FALLS

Boats Crash on Rocks Below as Rescuers and Rescued Fight in Stream.

SINKING SHELL TRAPS SHEA, OLD OARSMAN

Negro Boy Drowns in Jersey Clay Pit While White Men Indifferently Look On.

Two men and two women leaped from their drifting motor boat almost at the brink of the Passaic Falls, at Paterson, N. J., yesterday, and were dragged to safety by a policeman and two other men in power boats, who risked their own lives to make the rescue. The crippled craft plunged over the falls and was dashed to pieces eighty feet below. John Kelly, the policeman, leaped into the water to make his rescue. His motor boat followed the other.

Several hundred persons lined the banks of the Passaic above the falls and witnessed action that would have been worth millions to a movie company. Down the stream swept a launch, with its engine dead. Over it, working with white, set face, bent Tony Claco, of 159 Twelfth Avenue, Paterson. With him, staring in terror at the nearing line where the river ended, were his wife, Miss Josephine Dermico and Vincent Juliano. In spite of Claco's frantic efforts, while the fear of the falls increased louder and louder in his ears and the boat slipped along faster in the quickening current, the engine refused to work. Juliano picked up a paddle and tried desperately to turn the head of the craft toward shore. The paddle snapped in half after a few strokes.

Then down the river came two other motor boats, their engines roaring along at full speed. They gained on the drifting craft, which was now close to the edge of the falls. Its four occupants, gripped by panic, rose from their places suddenly and threw themselves into the water. By the time they had come to the surface, Patrolman John Kelly had dived from his craft. He grasped Mrs. Claco and struck out for shore. It was a hard struggle, but he made it and drew his fainting charge up on the bank as his and Claco's boats dipped over the falls and plunged eighty feet into the spray and rocks below.

John Sisco and James Arnot, of Paterson, in a more powerful craft, were able to pick up the three and fight their way back upstream.

While men were risking their lives in the Passaic River a crowd of white bathers stood idly at the highlands of Manhattan Beach yesterday afternoon. Shear's craft hit a submerged rock, and immediately began to sink. He called for help, and John Rogan, his friend, who was sculling in another shell, dived his head under water and managed to hold Shear's head above water until help arrived.

TEARS HERSELF FREE TO TAKE DEATH DIVE

Waitress Eludes Man Who Tried to Save Her on Roof.

Top.

Wrenching free from the grasp of a man who tried to save her, Anna Boeki, eighteen years old, plunged from the roof of 113 East Third Street to the street last night and was killed instantly.

Anna came from Poland a year ago, obtaining a position in a restaurant. The proprietor withheld her salary, and in desperation she went last week to a friend, Stanislaus Blatzky, and told of her trouble.

He advised her to be patient, but she returned to her furnished room at 192 East Fourth Street and slashed her throat. She was discharged from the hospital yesterday.

Last night she again visited Blatzky at his Third Street home. Again she complained, but was advised to visit her employer. Blatzky heard her ascend to the roof and followed. She knelt in prayer, and let her body sway until she toppled over the edge, just as Blatzky grabbed her by the ankles.

The man hung off desperately, shouting to the neighbors, but as the weight of the girl dragged him over the edge he let go. Neighbors burst through the door just as the girl plunged down to instant death. Blatzky was dragged out of danger and fainting.

PREACHER KILLED BY SODIUM NITRATE

Rev. Abijah Alexander, of Pittsburgh, Takes Overdose at Brother's Home Here.

The Rev. Abijah Alexander, sixty-five years old, until recently rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Good Shepherd, Pittsburgh, died at the home of his brother, 438 West 116th Street, last night from the effects of an overdose of nitrate of sodium.

For many years he was a sufferer from bronchitis, and his physician prescribed a lotion composed largely of sodium. Yesterday he took too large a quantity, and the effect on his heart, superinduced by the heat, caused his death.

Mr. Alexander was born in London and came to this country in his youth. For the last twelve years he was rector of the Pittsburgh church, but in June relinquished his charge because of failing health. He had intended to make his permanent home with his brother in this city.

ated. They do not contain harmful ingredients. Poslam is put out by a concern, variously known as the Emergency Laboratories, the Austrian Laboratory and the Ascatco Laboratory. It is exploited as the "newest medical discovery for the treatment of eczema." As it depends upon such common and long-used drugs as zinc oxide, sulphur and oil of tar, it can hardly be regarded as a new discovery. The medical claims made for it are absurd.

MURAD

The Turkish Cigarette



FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN—
From Lakes to Gulf—N.-S.-E.-W.—
In every state and territory of our country—
In the big cities and the big, open spaces—
In every little town where there are men who appreciate the better things of life—

You Will Hear the Praises of Murads

The most enthusiastic, far-reaching and lasting success ever won by a high-grade cigarette.

No other high-grade cigarette ever delighted so many American smokers of all classes.

This is conclusively shown by the fact that Murads are by far the greatest seller of all 15 Cent, 20 Cent and 25 Cent Cigarettes in America.

GUARANTEED BY A WHOLE NATION'S VERDICT

Smaragdos Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

Everywhere—Why?

CHICAGO INQUIRY FINDS EASTLAND OWNERS GUILTY

Captain and Engineer Also Indicted, but on Minor Charge.

Chicago, Aug. 11.—Unusual in that employees are not made the scapegoats, indictments charging manslaughter and criminal carelessness in the Eastland disaster were returned today before Judge Kersten, in the Criminal Court. The captain and engineer of the excursion steamer are charged with the minor offence, but four officials of the St. Joseph-Chicago Steamship Company are indicted for manslaughter.

Bonds were fixed at \$20,000 each for the company officials. W. C. Steele, secretary and treasurer, has submitted to arrest. Counsel for George T. Arnold, president; William H. Hull, vice-president and general manager; and Ray W. Davis, assistant secretary and treasurer, announced that they would resist extradition. They are residents of Michigan.

The officials were named in a joint indictment. Separate bills were returned against Harry Pedersen, the captain, and Joseph M. Erickson, the engineer. Bonds were fixed at \$10,000 each.

Five Counts Against Officials.

The bill against the officials contained five counts, charging:

That they knew the Eastland was unseaworthy and had no stability.

That they permitted 2,500 passengers aboard the vessel, which is more than its carrying capacity.

That they were negligent in hiring an incompetent engineer, who, because of his lack of skill, was unable to control the boat properly.

That the crew did not number enough hands to manage and control the Eastland properly.

That the ballast tanks were allowed to be out of repair and were not filled.

Against Captain Pedersen these charges were brought:

That he permitted aboard the boat a large number of passengers that she could safely carry.

That he neglected to warn the passengers to leave the Eastland when it became apparent to him that she was about to overturn.

That he was negligent in not seeing that the ballast tanks were in repair and were properly filled.

That he was negligent in not seeing that the chock-holes and gangways were closed when the ship was loaded.

"Instability" Caused Disaster.

The grand jury first found that the disaster was caused by "instability under conditions of loading," and states that the instability was due to "one of three main causes, or any two, or all of them," as follows:

The overloading of the vessel with passengers.

The mishandling of water ballast.

The construction of the vessel.

That the instability of the boat was not corrected years before we regard as indicating criminal carelessness or incompetence on the part of all persons connected with the design, construction, control, operation and inspection of the boat," says the report.

Thieves, Careful Not to Steal, Visit Home of Mayor's Mother

Ransack House and Upset Linen Closets, but Commissioner Woods and All His Men Can't Find Anything Missing.

When Mayor Mitchell gets back from his soldiering at Plattsburg he will doubtless have a little chat with Police Commissioner Woods. Yesterday Mrs. James P. Mitchell, the Mayor's mother, was called to the city to set to rights her home on Washington Heights, ransacked by thieves while she was summing at Avon, N. J. And that's not all. A few days ago a bundle of laundry containing detritus for his honor was stolen from the entrance of his apartment at 238 Riverside Drive.

Detectives were organizing a hunt for the missing shirts when Patrolman Ubelacher discovered that a three-story brownstone house at 447 West 162nd Street had been entered.

"Holy Smoke! that's where the Mayor's mother lives!" exclaimed Captain William Day, as he reached for the telephone to get in touch with the Fourth Branch Detective Bureau.

The first alarm came at 6:07 a. m. Commissioner Woods took charge of the case after the detectives had made a thorough inspection of the house. Finding that it would be impossible to ascertain without Mrs. Mitchell's assistance whether any articles had been stolen, he had her notified.

Accompanied by Miss Josephine Purroy, the Mayor's aunt, Mrs. Mitchell arrived in an automobile at 4:30 p. m. She was met at the entrance by Commissioner Woods and Tax Commissioner George V. Mullin, a former law partner of the Mayor's.

Everything was in order on the first floor. Furniture appearing ghostly white in summer coverings and the baby grand piano had not been disturbed. Mounting to the second floor, Mrs. Mitchell found disorder wherever she glanced. Drawers from bureau and linen chests had been emptied out on bedroom floors, silverware was strewn around with remnants of cakes and cookies; bed clothes had been turned down as though the intruders had searched for valuables under the pillows.

As Mrs. Mitchell's mother came in, she had tossed her jacket on a chair, and took charge of the situation.

An hour later Commissioner Woods came downstairs. He was smiling, as far as Mrs. Mitchell was concerned, of value has been taken, and there has been no damage to the property," he said. "This job was evidently the work of young boys, who turned things upside down for no reason whatever."

HARRY THAW LAUDS NEW YORK JURIES

They Help Poor Men as They Did Me, He Says, but Are Misunderstood.

The Tribune last night received the following unsolicited telegram from Harry K. Thaw, in Omaha, on his way to the Panama-Pacific Exposition:

Omaha, Aug. 11.—"Now that we are in Omaha, the gateway to the West, I would like to make plain that every New York jury was on our side. Many people during this trip have said that they had been on the jury; they would arrest me. Evidently they did not realize that I was acquitted and confined after my acquittal by judges alone, and that the judges acted contrary to the intentions of the jury. People may be interested to know that the juries in New York did exactly what would have been done by juriesmen out here."

"Were it not for the jury system a poor man would have little chance in a place like New York. When my first lawyer, Lew Delafield, instead of standing up for a jury trial, schemed to hang things up two days after my arrest, I was left in the position of a poor man, so I know. However, while in New York there seems to be one law for the rich and another for the poor, yet not even the District Attorney's office under Jerome attempted to corrupt any jury."

"Many people have gained the impression from the frauds practised after my acquittal that New York juries were subservient to vicious influences. So far as my experience goes, and it goes a long way, New York juries are all right, and I want to do my part toward correcting any misapprehension which may have been obtained by people elsewhere."

The department to-day issued the following announcement:

"Instructions have been given by Secretary Redfield to the supervising inspector general of the steamboat inspection service to incorporate the suggested rules as promptly as possible in the rules and regulations of the service."

Instructions have also been given for the formation of a committee of supervising inspectors selected from the Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf coasts, jointly with those in charge of the two districts on the Great Lakes, to study conditions in the service on the Great Lakes with special reference to the safeguarding of passenger traffic."

SAVED BY CONVICT'S DIVE

Edward O'Connor, who is serving three months in the workhouse for having drugs in his possession, dived from a dock at Blackwell's Island yesterday and saved a fellow prisoner from drowning. O'Connor and a number of other prisoners were working on the pier, when one of them, James Devito, had a fit and fell into the water.

O'Connor braved a strong tide to make the rescue.

Commissioner of Correction Davis wrote O'Connor complimenting him on his bravery.

HUNDREDS LEAP OFF BARGE AFIRE IN MID-HUDSON

Pleasure Craft and Fire-boat Rush to Rescue, but, Well—

When shooting flames and great puffs of yellow smoke were seen curling up from an excursion barge on the Hudson near Spuyten Duyvil Creek yesterday afternoon, crowds, evidently fearing a repetition of the Slocum disaster, rushed down to the shore.

Canoes and row boats put out from the camps on the Jersey side, while reserves on bicycles were sent over from the West 177th Street station.

At the same time the fire boat James Duane, commanded by Captain Mustard, started from the foot of Thirty-fifth Street.

Before any of the rescuing craft reached the burning barge panic struck its passengers. Screaming men and women rushed to the rail and flung themselves into the river. Burning brands dropped by their heads in the water. Life boats were lowered.

As the fighting men and women tried to climb into one it capsized.

Those who had raced to the rescue in motor boats were puzzled and seemed almost hurt when asked to get back and keep out of the camera's range, for while the excitement and the people struggling in the water were real, the boat was not actually

burning; it was just the Fox Film Company staging an exciting scene from "The Regeneration." The heroine, Marnie Rose (who in real life is Miss Anna Quirentina Nilsson), a society girl in charge of a group of settlement children out on a picnic, is rescued by the gangster, Owen Conway (Rockliffe Fellows), who finally reforms for her sake.

There was some action which was not in the story, however, for Skinny the Rat, the real villain of the play, William Sheer, in reality, got into a fist fight with Harry Lee when he tried to jump overboard before Lee thought it was his turn. The Rat soon downed his opponent, as he was in a hurry to answer the distress signals of Thomas Rafferty, of 322 West Forty-ninth Street, who, in the excitement of the panic scene, jumped overboard, forgetting that he could not swim. The real hero took his part in earnest and threw a drowning man a life preserver, while Skinny the Rat towed him to safety.

Another drowning nearly occurred when fourteen-year-old Peggy Barstead, the current too strong for her, was caught in a net of burning brands. Hilda Freeman, who dived for her and brought her to the surface, swimming with one arm around the little girl back to the tug which had the barge in tow.

Bernard Cohan, of 114 West Eighth Street, who was standing behind the Rat, the real villain of the play, observed to jump madly overboard, uttering a wild yell. It was learned later that he had suddenly stepped back on one of the burning brands, which furnished the glowing yellow flames (also abominable, every smoke when the mob, bent on escape from the doomed ship, made a rush toward him).

Raoul A. Walsh, the film director, became quite hoarse yelling "Don't shoot! Don't shoot! Remember you're all going to be drowned!" but with the audience made up of several dozen loadouts all enjoying the fun, it was difficult for the real folk to forget and give themselves up to despair, especially on such a wonderful summer day.

AN ADDED ATTRACTION LUNA PARK

Brilliant prospecting of the favorite ballroom in THE SUMMER HOUSE with a sparkling and scintillating orchestra.

LUNA'S BROADWAY ECHO

on Saturday Evening Next, August 14th, and every evening thereafter at 8 and 10 o'clock.

NEW, PIQUANT, SKILLFUL AND ARTISTIC DIVERSIONS

Free choice, free concerts, free tips, free dancing. Prize-clainging contests Thursday night.

WINTER GARDEN

PASSING SHOW OF 1915
"Glorious Success"—Dorothy Foy, World's Champion.
LYRIC, 8:15, 10:15, 11:15, 12:15.
New Musical THE GIRL WHO SMILES
LATEST HIT ON BROADWAY.—American.
CASINO
8:15, 10:15, 11:15, 12:15.
New Musical BLUE PARADISE with CECIL
8:15, 10:15, 11:15, 12:15.
New Musical THE GIRL WHO SMILES
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BOOTH LOUIS MANN

THE
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LONGACRE

THE
8:15, 10:15, 11:15, 12:15.
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8:15, 10:15, 11:15, 12:15.
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THE BOOMERANG

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CASINO
8:15, 10:15, 11:15, 12:15.
New Musical BLUE PARADISE with CECIL
8:15, 10:15, 11:15, 12:15.
New Musical THE GIRL WHO SMILES
8:15, 10:15, 11:15, 1